

## Church News.

### OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

#### MORE BAPTISMS.

Since my last I baptized three, a husband and wife and a young man. Had good meeting. The next night which was Monday Brother Lewis of the Kirkland mission led and we had four confessions. Others are impressed and we trust that they may be led as the Spirit teaches.

#### A HAPPY BOY.

Sister Quackenbush saw a little chap hunting in an ash-barrel for refuse; he was less than half clothed, and what little he had on was simply covering with no warmth. She had him come to the house and gave him an outfit that covered his little body, and what a happy little chap he was. Your cast away garments have enabled us to do much of this kind of work, and very satisfactory work it has been. I think we have saved some lives through our relief work.

#### CHICAGO'S DARK DAY.

You no doubt saw an account of the dark day recently, the electric lights it is said looked like tallow candles. The dark-eyes on Clark street went down in the mud on their knees and prayed the Lord to save them from his wrath. They thought the judgment day was coming. Many white men will be that way. They spend their time in folly and when the great day of His wrath comes they will be unable to stand, for they have not done all to stand. Unless Chicago repents of her sins she will indeed have a dark day. Politics is all the go now. One candidate for mayor says if he is elected the saloons can run on Sunday, another says he will not rule with puritan laws. That means playing into the hands of the sinners. The world needs Christ and He is coming.

#### A WHITE LETTER NIGHT.

On Sunday night I had a different service from what we usually hold, having received so many kind letters from friends, I thought we would divide them with others, so we selected a number from the many, reaching from Pennsylvania to California and read them in public, they made quite an impression and I think encouraged us in the good work in which we have embarked. I know the kind words that come to us from so many directions do us good, and read to others, they can not fail to do good. We are so organized that cheer is needed and on our part it is appreciated. Money is needed,

but there are some things money cannot buy. Kind words can never die. Then let our lips give birth to children that will be immortal.

#### A SAD CASE OF POVERTY.

The *Inter Ocean* last week gave an account of a woman's struggle with poverty that was most pitiful. She was only twenty-three years old, yet found in the street with an eighteen weeks old baby in a dying condition. Her husband was killed in the St. Louis cyclone, her money faded away and with enough to rent a room for a week, she came to the west side then she sought employment, and just as often failed. Her little baby took cold and it developed into whooping cough. She had no money to procure medical aid, and none to pay rent; out on the street she and her little baby went. She tried to get the babe into the Cook county hospital and failed, then to another hospital and failed there. Finally, when found by a policeman, the mother was exhausted and the baby dying. Pitiful isn't it? A great city full of human beings, public institutions for such cases, yet a lone woman and her dying babe turned away by one, neglected by the other, but taken in by the law. The fact is there is something wrong somewhere. You mothers who snug your little babes to your breast when evening shades fall around, think of this young woman, a Jew by birth, her only crime was that of loving and marrying a Gentile, divorced from him by the black hand of the storm king, moneyless and exhausted, turned from homes and institutions by Gentiles, crouched on the corner of a stone step, the March atmosphere piercing her bones, and the cold killing the child, and the only music is the whoop of the little one. How long, O Lord, how long?

#### OUTDOOR SERVICES.

Last Sunday night we commenced our outdoor services. Before time for services we knelt in prayer and then went down south on Western Avenue. Blaine and Clara led the singing with Sister Barth and others to help. Brother Barth led the meeting calling on Than and myself to make remarks, introducing Than as a brother from Nebraska. Well, we had a good meeting. The first song sung was, "Where is my wandering boy to night," and it was not long before a crowd gathered. Opposite us was a saloon and the bartender came out with his white apron on and about a dozen customers with him. Windows went up, doors opened, and many had the Gospel briefly but pointedly

preached to them. Among those who followed us to the mission room was a man who had been through Nebraska, up and down the St. Joe & Grand Island R. R. Of course he felt at home with us. In this way we can make known Christ, and men and women who never go to church may have the Gospel so impressed on their minds as to bring them into touch with the truth forever. As the work unfolds I will try and give you such items as will be of interest to you. Pray for our success.

#### RENEWAL OF ACQUAINTANCE.

At our second outdoor service while making some announcements, a young man came up and said, "Is this Mr. McFaden?" Putting out my hand I said, "Yes, I know you," wait a moment," and finishing my work I turned and greeted him. Between one and two years ago I met him in his own home near Carleton. He moved away, lost wife, and here I met him in Chicago. Hearing the singing, and seeing the crowd he came up and met his old pastor. Rather a surprise all around, but an agreeable one. We had a good meeting at the hall and expect more during the week. Bless the Lord, it pays to serve him. Out of the outdoor meetings new faces are seen and new efforts put forth, for you must remember that after outdoor services we go to the hall and hold an hour's service. Hard work. Yes, from one sense, not from another, but when you hear a man say, as he said to-night, "I was a Roman Catholic, but I have never had as much peace as I have had in this mission room since I was baptized," one forgets all about being tired and having hard work to do. It pays to sacrifice to Jesus.

#### HOPE FOR CHICAGO.

Moody is here, thousands are hearing him preach, and a wave of religious conversion is sweeping over the city. I will write concerning his work next week. There is hope for any city when one man can preach in four days to probably 40,000 people, beside the large congregation he reaches through the press. I have stood this week on the pavement while thousands passed by and handed out tracts until every bone in my body hurt. -We plant, the reaping must come. Help us just a little in this great work. Have a part in it.

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There ought to be more religious people who are religious when things don't go right,